

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"ERHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Comper.*



WHAT THE POST BROUGHT.

THE FERROL FAMILY;
OR, "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN HILLS."

CHAPTER I.—A BUBBLE IN THE BEST SOCIETY.

WHILE, in the country, primroses and cowslips are enriching the fields with drift-gold, and hedgerows are white with the summer-snow of interminable bloom; while bright skies look down upon the

new-clad woods in their profuse green garb, and echo with lark-songs over silken meadows; while the air is pure with spring sunshine, and sweet with perfume from a thousand flowers, and musical with myriad voices of awakened life; then begins the London season, amid dust, and heat, and turmoil. Then the squire leaves his beech woods, and the laird his heather moors, and the Irish absentee his continental retreat; and all who would

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

have a place in the world of Fashion gather from the four corners of the realm, to swell the restless multitudes of Vanity Fair. And Belgravia has its bloom likewise, during summer time—a bloom of fair English maidens, exhibited chiefly at night in hot-house ballrooms; and an echoing of coroneted equipages hung with laced lacqueys in the rear; and the skies of London behold its great arteries below, flowing with human souls in the giddy stream of fashion.

The West End was reposing, after its fatigues of balls and routs during the preceding night. Sunshine had seen it retiring to rest, and the forenoon was its midnight. All the dawn had resounded with carriage-wheels; only the milkman and housemaids were astir when the City was breakfasting, and buckling on afresh its armour of toil. Silent sunny streets stretched through May Fair.

In one of these was a pretty morning-room, laid out with the appurtenances of breakfast for three individuals. A cup and plate had been used, and yet contained a residuum of tea and toast; while the lady to whom they belonged sat meditatively in an arm-chair, looking out of window. A little woman she was, and had been handsome at some date unknown; still, her brow was fair, her eyes bright: she was well-preserved. But about the lips, now when she had no motive for any particular expression, there was a *cure-worn* look; and those who had seen Mrs. Ferrol only in her full-dress of smiles at Lady Sandowne's last night, would hardly have recognised the sprightly little woman in her sackcloth of thoughtfulness this morning.

Before her, on a salver, lay what she had ever while longed for—precious little notes of invitation from names high in the *beau monde*; but among them, what embittered all the sweet, was a fair pink envelope, neither crested nor coroneted—the sheath whence had issued the sharp sting of a milliner's bill, with Madame Jupon's request for payment, couched in the politest terms. The items were faultless, the lace accurately computed, no exaggeration in the matter of trimming; but who could ever have thought that two young ladies' bonnets and ball-dresses for one month could have amounted to such a frightful sum?

It must be owned that Mrs. Ferrol seems rather a novice in these matters, or she would not be discomposed by half-a-dozen milliners' bills, however heavy. The lady might have remembered a case of this defensive hardening in the late Colonel Ferrol, of H.M.'s 25th Dragoons, whose serenity was rarely disturbed by the tribe of duns that waited upon his movements, and who, as a matter of principle involving personal comfort, put every suspicious-looking envelope into the fire unopened. What though, at his demise, the vulture creditors descended upon his small patrimony, to wrest it from his widow and orphans, leaving them nought but the crown pension and Mrs. Ferrol's diminutive fortune, which last was represented by a charge on an Irish estate?—had not the gallant officer enjoyed life in the highest circles, and were such paltry considerations as the prospective welfare of wife and children to hamper his amusements? Perish the thought!

His relict retired to cheap lodgings at Boulogne, there to educate her children as best she might; and who shall tell the hard work and miserable shifts she was obliged to have recourse to, in order to eke out accomplishments for her daughters, and classics for her sons? Doubtless she must have been consoled amidst her labours and privations by the remembrance of the splendid appearance always kept up by her deceased Colonel; her weary feet ought to have been upheld by thought of the thoroughbreds he had ridden—her bone of mutton and soup-maigre flavoured by reminiscences of his turtle and champagne. Doubtless, she was stimulated by the hope that one day his sons might tread in his steps, and keep up an appearance also.

The times were bad with Irish estates, so that the charge on her brother's property paid chiefly an interest of expectations; for the Loftus lands were heavily and hereditarily dipt. But by exertion of his parliamentary influence, Sir Hugh procured recognition of the late Colonel's military service, in the form of a commission for young Horace Ferrol; and the era of this story being before that of competitive examinations, the delighted boy was speedily invested with that scarlet coat and gold lace, which embodies the fighting fever of youthful Britons. One of the many hundreds which Colonel Ferrol had drained through his betting-book, as a sporting character, would have gone a good way towards liquidating the tremendous bills ensuing from clothiers, hatters, bootmakers, etc., which spread consternation through the little *ménage* at Boulogne, and were eventually transmitted to Sir Hugh; which expedient Mrs. Ferrol thought of adopting at present, with reference to Madame Jupon's communication.

To say that any member possesses a pocket-borough, during these days of parliamentary purity guaranteed by the Reform Bill, may, for aught we know, be an affront to the majesty of the Commons; nevertheless, it is true that Sir Hugh Loftus had been returned for his neighbouring constituency of Ballyrotton for a score of years. And during a visit he paid to his sister at Boulogne, she so worked upon his feelings, and so represented the benefit that must accrue to his nieces from the arrangement, that he was persuaded into giving up his comfortable bachelor lodgings, and taking a furnished house in May Fair for the season.

It was the period of Mrs. Ferrol's triumph and trials. Triumph, in that she saw her beloved girls in "the position for which Nature had designed them," as she expressed it; and trials, because of the vulgar necessity of having a moneyed reality to back the glittering appearance. Hence, a woful hiatus between income and expenditure, which Mrs. Ferrol was obliged at times to contemplate, as on this morning.

The tea had grown cold, and the toast flabby, while yet she ruminated. It was nearly noon by the gilt clock on the mantel-piece when she summoned the boy in unlimited buttons, whom she chose to call her page.

"Has Sir Hugh rang yet, Ernest?"

"No, Madam." We may observe that the lad's

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genuine patronymic was Dick Jones, and that he looked every letter of it.

"Bring fresh chocolate for Miss Ferrol; and tell Smith that I shall want the carriage at one."

Mildred seated herself at the breakfast-table, looking very sleepy, and very handsome, despite her slipshod undress. "Mama, where are you going at one?" she asked when the door closed.

"To Madame Jupon's, my dear;" and Mrs Ferrol folded the bill into its pink envelope.

"Oh, mama, let me see the new invitations;" and, regardless of her cooling chocolate, Mildred sprang up to read some half-dozen notes. "Mrs. Portland Plaipe's *matinée musicale*—that will be delightful; we shall meet everybody there. Sir Randolph and Lady Balruddery. Do we accept that, mama?"

"I shall consult your uncle," was the reply; the worldly-minded Mrs. Ferrol the while thinking that Lady Balruddery—her countrywoman, who had good-naturedly taken them up at their first entrance into London society, and pushed them as high as her ability allowed—was not so decidedly *haut ton* to justify an indiscriminate acceptance of her invitations.

"So Horace will get leave for a fortnight—how glad I shall be to see the dear fellow. I wonder his letters always smell so of cigars; surely he does not keep them in his writing-case; I think he invariably says he is 'hard up.'"

"He is obliged to make such an appearance, my dear, on his wretched means," her mother observed.

The girls ate their breakfast amidst an animated conversation concerning the preceding evening's events; which were, briefly, some considerable attention paid to Mildred by the youthful Lord Limpet, son to their entertainer, the Earl of Sandowne; Mildred's consequent coolness towards Mr. Wardour, whom previously she had favoured, and towards a distant cousin, Euston Ferrol, son and heir to the chief of the banking firm, Rupee, Ferrol, and Company. Nothing of this had escaped their mother's eyes: for, however engrossed among the chaperones, the calculating woman's every sense was watchful of the interests of her beloved daughters; watchful especially that they did not waste their valuable time upon younger sons, or penniless professional men. An impossible peer was nearly as bad as either; so she now administered a judicious reproof to Mildred for her unguarded conduct with reference to Mr. Ferrol.

"But, mama, I don't like him half so well as even Mr. Wardour. He has no agreeability—no *esprit*."

"Child, don't talk nonsense. He has what you want—a position, and wealth." As if the matter were thus settled, Mrs. Ferrol swept from the room. Her brother was shaving, holding his chin aside in the orthodox manner, when she tapped at his door, and with an affectionate inquiry after his sleep, seated herself beside the dressing-table. His grey eyes looked comical as he fresh-stropped his razor.

"Well, Maria, what's the matter now? Which of the boys wants cash this morning, eh?"

"You naughty man," Mrs. Ferrol said, shak-

ing her hand at him with an engaging gesture; "there's no concealing anything from you."

"I guessed it was a question of supplies," said Sir Hugh, lathering the other side of his face carefully, so as to avoid a wart growing near his whisker. "Let's hear what it's all about."

She related her financial troubles. "The dear girls could not have been more economical than they have been; but really, going into the society we do, it is absolutely essential that they keep up an appearance suitable to their position. I need not tell you how it pains me to have recourse to you, my dear generous brother—" Here Mrs. Ferrol's handkerchief was brought into action, and she became incoherent. "They would be an ornament to any rank, however exalted—"

("I hope the foolish woman's thinking that Mildred will be Lady Limpet," quoth the baronet to himself.)

"—Cold shade of poverty blighting their youth and beauty—emerging from it by their noble uncle's generous aid—any sacrifice for my beloved children—" all this was delivered in the strongest italics of emphasis. Sir Hugh gravely handed her some eau-de-cologne, wherewith to soothe her agitated brow.

"As to paying the bill now, that is out of the question," he observed; "but you can stave it off for awhile. I'll give you twenty pounds, and you must use such rhetoric as has just overcome me"—his mouth was comical again—"to persuade Madame What's-her-name to wait for the rest."

"But, Hugh!"

"But, Maria, I cannot help you further: here's a letter from Scroogem, informing me that three town lands on the Ballintemple estate won't pay a farthing of rent this year; I'll hardly be able to meet the interest of all the incumbrances, and get through current expenses, somehow. But of course the girls must not be shabby, if Castle Loftus itself were to be put in pawn."

On the strength of which declaration, Mrs. Ferrol further propitiated Madame Jupon by ordering new dresses for Mrs. Portland Plaipe's *matinée musicale*. What was it to her, or to anybody but the obscure sufferers, that, a few other large bills proving also unproductive, Madame Jupon was compelled to lower the wages of her workwomen, which was equivalent to short food for many a lip? Mrs. Ferrol shed tears next Sunday, in company with a score other fashionable ladies, under an affecting appeal in behalf of the poor needlewomen of London. Honourable susceptibility!

CHAPTER II.—FURTHER ON QUICKSANDS.

OTHER objects of Mrs. Ferrol's fond anxiety were her two sons. Hugh was at the university, Horace in the army, as already stated.

Though in the receipt of the handsome income of ninety-six pounds per annum, for carrying the colours of the 151st or Prince's Own regiment of foot, the last-named young gentleman found that he was not in easy circumstances. The deductions for mess and band funds, and for the luxurious dinner that he was expected nightly to eat, absorbed about seven pounds eighteen shillings

monthly; and the remaining two shillings could hardly be expected to satisfy his washerwoman and tailor. For six weeks after joining, he struggled to be economical; but there was young Brown and the Honourable Angus MacWhinger, his fellow ensigns, drinking claret daily at his elbow, while he sipped only the Regent's allowance of sherry; and he was asked to supper-parties which must be returned; and every fellow in the regiment had a horse but himself and Cerate, the assistant-surgeon; and he must smoke havannahs at five guineas a box, because the rest did so, and subscribe to balls and races in like manner; for the Prince's Own was a "crack" corps, and its officers boasted of being as "fast" as any in the service. And penniless Ensign Ferrol must keep up with Lieutenant Mohur, whose father's name had three stars against it in the list of India Stock; and with Lieutenant Cotton, son to a Manchester millionaire; and with Lieutenant Delmour, nephew and heir to a viscount. He imitated them, lest they should affix to his name the dread stigma of poverty. How many letters did the poor boy compose to his mother, and, all through the pleasant careless beginning, had a nightmare of the needful postscript heavy upon him, in which he begged of "dear Mama" to get uncle Hugh to look at the enclosed. And this was generally a slip of blue paper, with engraved tortuous title, illuminated by sketches of the latest coats and vests.

"What an alarming quantity of clothes you wear, my boy," said Sir Hugh, as they sat together after dinner, the day of Horace's arrival from his regiment. "I think you have had seven coats and about twenty-five pairs of pantaloons in the last six months; and the prices are wonderful—fifty per cent. more than Shako charged in your outfit."

Horace reddened under his uncle's glance, for those Celtic eyes possessed keenness as well as drollery; and the young officer pulled his incipient silky whisker cruelly, as he replied:—

"The fact is, sir, that the fellow has accommodated me with ready money occasionally, and then I must take goods to make up the amount——"

"Ah! that explains why an embroidered vest, worth, I suppose, thirty shillings, is charged three pounds. I thought you had got the dearest tailor in all England. You don't find the red coat quite the Elysium you fancied, I dare say."

"It is a pleasant life enough, sir, if a fellow had not the perpetual bother of trying to make ends meet."

"I shouldn't say you took much trouble on that score," the baronet remarked drily.

"Why, you know, a fellow would be put in Coventry by the mess if he didn't do like everybody else: he must keep up an appearance, or he may as well quit the service. They would think it mean in me to shirk any expense shared by the rest; and I'd sooner strip off the scarlet jacket to-morrow, than have such a thing said."

"Ha! the old Loftus spirit breaking out: very fine, no doubt, but it has unfortunately beggared the race, and left the last of us struggling under the debts of generations; for if any one else in the county kept hounds, we must keep them too, and

be the best mounted men at every meet, and entertain all the world at every assizes; till now, the lights are out in Castle Loftus, and wind and weather drive in through many a cranny. Never mind; the estates will last my time, though I am almost up to my chin; and after me—the deluge."

The old gentleman mused a little, perhaps on the said deluge which was to overwhelm his sixth cousin Killinure Loftus, on whom the estates were entailed, and to whom he bore no particular love, as is generally the case with heirs apparent. After smoothing his napkin abstractedly for some minutes:—

"You're at the top of the list when MacWhinger steps up; and if you could get a staff appointment, or a place as recruiting officer, you might be able to get along to your company. But an ensign's pay is certainly very small."

"Small, sir! it is miserable. Five and three-pence per day, not including stoppages, to keep a fellow like a gentleman—impossible! I wonder you don't make a stir about it in parliament, sir!" and Horace waxed eloquent on the young officers' grievance-topic, which may be heard discussed in precisely the same terms among the juniors of every mess-table to this day.

By-and-by Sir Hugh adjourned to the House, where, in obedience to the Ballyrotton poorlaw guardians, he was to ask a question respecting the deportation of paupers; and towards midnight Horace escorted his mother and sisters to Lady Glenmoriston's reception. Now Lord Limpet had, sultan-like, transferred his attentions to another; but Mildred still held Mr. Euston Ferrol captive, and three minutes after her appearance in the well-dressed mob, he was beside her. This gentleman deserves description; for is he not to be representative of the house of Rupee and Ferrol—popularly considered equivalent to the possession of a gold mine? And the majority of the mothers of his acquaintance are disinterestedly anxious to provide the promising young man with a good wife. What though his countenance is not very prepossessing, and has a keen hard eye, marvellous in one of his years, set deeply under a brow already ploughed with a frown-line; plenty of people think him handsome, and those who do not, declare him distinguished-looking. Mildred feels rather elated that he has selected her from the bevy of fair ones around, and a carnation is kindled on her cheek, and a light in her violet eyes, which still more rivets her admirer. Sir Hugh, looking in after the rising of the House, discerns the aspect of affairs and is well pleased. Not so Mr. Richard Wardour, who lingers about the brilliant rooms, unable to withdraw from her presence, though feeling himself slighted and supplanted; his only consolation being a few words now and then to her quiet sister Agnes.

But another watcher was there; Mrs. Carnaby Pyke, maternal relative to Mr. Euston Ferrol, and who had long yearned to provide for him with reference to one of her own seven daughters, which dear girls had played at him, sung at him, sketched at him, unsuccessfully through their several teens. This lady felt it to be her painful duty to drive next

day to the banking-house in the city, at an hour when she knew Euston would be at his club, and inform Mr. Ferrol, senior, of the designs upon his son entertained by the late colonel's daughter.

"He may be only amusing himself, as young men will," continued Mrs. Carnaby Pyke, settling her skirts, with vengeful memories of some attentions paid her youngest daughter by the same Euston. "But it is the news in twenty circles this morning, what a brilliant match the good-looking Miss Ferrol is about to make. For she is good-looking, there can be no doubt, though I think her manners decidedly *prononcées*, and wanting in the timid retiringness which should ever distinguish a young lady's demeanour." The reader will guess that all seven Misses Carnaby Pyke were noted for insiduity.

The sardonic old banker, who hated what he called meddling women, could not refrain from amusing himself at the expense of his informant. "I hope my son may ever be so fortunate as to get a wife so beautiful as Mildred," he said. "But, as you justly observe, my dear madam, we want something more substantial than mere looks. There was a time when I fancied that your Agatha would have satisfied my every wish on the subject."

Mrs. Carnaby Pyke became agitated. "The fondest desires of my heart would have been fulfilled!" she exclaimed, very truly. "Don't let us speak of it—the dear girl!" How ineffably dearer she would have been had she become the wealthy Mrs. Euston Ferrol, her mother felt with a pang.

"Agatha being then out of the question," the old gentleman continued slowly, while he leaned back in his crimson chair, paring a quill pen neatly, for he would never use the modern innovation of steel nibs, "I looked about for the essentials of Euston's wife; and first of these I see—Money. We men of Enormous wealth require money to meet money." He pronounced the adjective as if he would with it crush Mrs. Carnaby Pyke's hopes for ever. "We men of Enormous wealth cannot afford—positively cannot afford—to marry without money."

The banker's pen ought to have been particularly well made; for, long after his fair visitor had left, he continued paring the quill, till it was worn down nearly to a stump. And his face, the while, was not pleasant to look at: all the lines seemed to have undergone a sudden deepening.

Next morning, at breakfast, he laid down his newspaper, pushed up his gold spectacles, and astonished his son, who was quietly opening an egg, with the query: "Whom do you intend to marry, Euston?"

The young man's pallid face almost flushed; for, though *à propos* of nothing, the question had direct reference to his own thoughts. "I—I have not made up my mind upon the subject, sir."

"I only ask, because your cousin Mildred is so very pretty, that you might be tempted into a foolish thing; and mark me, Euston, you cannot afford to marry without a large fortune."

"I should have thought, sir, that your money would be sufficient to enable me to act independently in the matter," said his son.

"My money!" A slight change passed upon the old man's features; "it is not so much as people think; you won't be a millionaire, Euston. Again I tell you, that the first requisite in any woman whom you would make your wife is a large fortune."

"I am afraid I shall disregard it, sir."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Ferrol faced half round in his chair, and the eyes under his white brows gleamed uncomfortably. "You have not been mad enough—"

Euston was rather cowardly; he turned off his answer into some muttered observation about mercenary feeling.

"I will soon convince you of its necessity," said his father, standing up and unlocking a secretary near by. Euston wondered at his fearful pallor. "What do you imagine is the position of the firm at this moment? Hopeless insolvency!"

The last words hissed low between his teeth: Euston reeled back as if stricken. "You must know it soon—you may as well know it now;" and he produced papers from a secret drawer, which his son's practised eye verified in a few moments. They were the private accounts of the partnership, drawn up in Mr. Ferrol's own handwriting, and revealing a large deficit. "Now do you see that you must not be caught by a pretty face, or by family, or by wit, or by anything but solid gold?"

Both sat down again; they looked at each other furtively. The elder Mr. Ferrol took up his paper, but the type-lines ran into an indistinct mass of wavering dots before his eyes. Euston mechanically put bread into his mouth, but it had no more taste than it had been shavings. In a changed voice he asked, "How long has this been the case?"

"It began last year," said his father, not looking at him, but at the columns of hazy print; "since those speculations in Paraguay securities failed. We had been unfortunate for some time; and the collapse of the Berar Bank was a terrible blow. I foresaw what has happened, then."

The old man turned his "Times" to a fresh page.

"It is well concealed; our partners are no fools; and the firm may stand a century to come, with discretion."

Euston breathed hard for a minute. The vista of a life of deception, deepening into crime, opened before him.

THE DEATH-BED OF A LION.

EVERY ONE may not be scientific; but every one may at least be a close observer of nature animate and nature inanimate. If plain people with good eyes and open hearts would but keep a note-book for their original observations, and jot down in few words the simple facts of life amongst God's lower creatures, the great men of the day would always have a good store of fine materials to deal with. The philosopher would stand at ease on the grand platform of truth, and build with stones ready hewn to his hand, instead of having to send his thoughts wide over the land in search of straw wherewith to

make brick for the house of his wisdom, or perhaps, to gather osiers for the wattled wigwam of a nomadic theory.

"Do animals understand what death is? Do they recognise its coming signs?" asks the uninitiated. "No," says a gifted philosopher of our acquaintance, "you never see animals apprehending the meaning of death." Very well: then here is a fact.

The writer once strayed into a menagerie in the north of England, which had camped for a day or two in a little mountain metropolis. A large elderly lion was making an involuntary tour of the country in company with his wife and a fine family of young people. What an insult to put the desert monarch into such a vulgar clap-trap travelling carriage as this! The name caravan may sound fine enough out on the pathless sands; but here it is a thing of creaking boards, groaning wheels, and red and yellow paint. No group of palm-trees here; yet the caravan stops, and the camp is pitched in the form of a hollow square, amidst much desert talk, loud roars of satisfaction, growling comment, or shrill protest. One does not know what it all means—foreign tongues all of them. But one may guess at the subjects under remark; for great lumbering bones are sorely aching with jolting over rough roads; long limbs are tired of being cramped in narrow cells; soft sides are bruised with bumping over the stones of civilized travel; the Bajazets of the wilderness are chafing within their bars; strength and ferocity are fermenting for want of space; and the dinner-hour has long ago passed away without the dinner. True, there are strong signs of supper in one of the carriages, whose little pipe of a chimney has been smoking all day, but which is fierce now. There is an aggravating afflatus of frying bacon pervading the place; and women in jackets, short flounced dresses, and laced leather boots, are clattering amongst tea-cups; while bold children with unkempt hair are talking low travelled wit to the gaping boys and girls who surround the step-ladder which acts stair-case to the lofty door. A platform is now thrown out from the front of the square; prodigious portraits of impossible monsters are unrolled and affixed; and, as if stimulated by the unheard-of dangers with which they threaten society, crowds are daring enough to mount the steps. We slip with a vague feeling of awe behind the arras, and look around. An elephant with a hill of dun-coloured forehead, and with legs like pillars of Hercules, is swaying his significant trunk this way and that, over a stockade of bars. But what is the matter with that grand old lion? He is in pain; surely he is in pain. His breathing is short, and is drawn with effort; nostrils are spread wide, lips drawn back, and that great shaggy chest heaves uneasily. He is suffering from bronchitis, for he evidently cannot bear the keen air of the north. He is *couchant*; but now he lifts his head high, and looks round and round the show into the hundred faces of that unfeeling crowd, as if searching for sympathy. But no; they cannot read his eye of mute appeal; he is nothing to them but a great tawny lion with a shaggy mane and tufted tail. Suddenly he rears

himself up to his full stature, throws back his grand head, utters a tremendous desert roar, and falls down heavily on his side—dead. Dead: but with an imperial gesture, such as Cæsar's when he fell.

Look at the widow! she has been taking short and stately turns up and down the den—a very Juno in her gait, and in her temper too. But she stops, looks inquiringly at the prostrate figure, draws nearer, bends her head with an anxious bewildered look, and then, as if at last receiving the great idea, she throws herself down upon the dead monarch with grand abandonment. Presently, up comes the heir; crown prince he *was*—he is the young king *now*. He stops short, in a fierce brusque attitude, spreads his nostrils, flashes his eyes, and snorts aloud. That was a long and searching gaze, truly! But at last he, too, flings himself down, with a great sounding *flop*, upon the dead body of the old lion. Up comes the coarse-looking keeper, and flogs away the widow and the son. But they watch their opportunity, stalk forward again, and throw themselves down in the same attitude of grief. Again the hateful whip, and again they spring to the further end of the den with a short impatient roar. Three times did this take place, and three times did they return to the same position, abandoning themselves to the same eloquent symbols of grief. Not many can say that they have been present at the death-bed of a lion; and never can the scene, so touching, and yet so grand, be forgotten by the writer.

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?

PARLEZ VOUS Français? That is a question very affirmatively answered in our present times. All the world speaks French now; but if the question were, "Do you pronounce French like French?" perhaps the affirmation might be a little less decisive. However that may be, I got a lesson once on the niceties of French pronunciation, which a young girl was not likely to forget.

On the deck of a steamer to Havre, a much-distressed Frenchman asked me the question, "Parlez vous Français, mademoiselle?" O yes! certainly I spoke French. I had not long left the educational establishment of the celebrated Miss Tidy, wherein were combined the advantages of English and continental education. I was quite able and willing to help the Frenchman out of his difficulties; for, being on my first trip to the continent, it was no small gratification to be called so soon to do Miss Tidy credit. The poor man, not speaking many words of English, had managed to order a *bif-tek*, but he wanted to order also some vegetable, and that hard word was beyond the range of his English acquirements. He tried the experiment of pronouncing the French one as distinctly and as much like English as possible.

"Leg-ume; vat you call dat?" he asks the steward.

"Leg o' mutton, sir."

"Mademoiselle, parlez vous Français?" the horrified monsieur pathetically exclaims, looking help-

lessly to my smiling face. He knew enough English to know that a leg of mutton was not a potato. Yes, I spoke French, and with a good deal of self-assurance I came to the rescue, and explained to the puzzled under-steward that leg-ume meant some vegetable, and not a leg o' mutton. How little did I then foresee that my belief in my own French speaking capacity was soon to receive a rude shock, and my bad pronunciation to occasion a perplexity far greater than that of the youth who guessed leg-ume to signify leg o' mutton.

I happened to make acquaintance with a good-natured manufacturer of those articles which our children call "sweets," and the French call *bonbons*. He called himself a *confiseur*; and, as I was in a few days to go to the town where he lived among his sweets, he gave me an invitation to call on him and his family, engaging to make me see some remarkable objects in his neighbourhood, which he thought the English, who travelled so much to instruct themselves, ought to see. When I reached that town about a week afterwards, my travelling companion was tired out, took refuge in bed, and left me to tire myself still more if I pleased to do so. As fresh as ever, and heartily disliking to be immured in the bed-chamber of a hotel, from which nothing could be seen save a large courtyard, my thoughts naturally turned to the good-natured maker of sweets who had promised to make me see the wonders of his native town.

I was not, at that stage of my existence, so hardened as to venture to walk alone in foreign streets, nor in those of my own country either. But though I would not do that, I could see no possible impropriety in sending to let the good man know I had come, and very much longed to go out to walk. He had told me his name, but it was a rather difficult one to my ear, and the safest plan was to inquire for one who had described himself as the chief and best known *confiseur* in that small town. I summoned, therefore, the fine active-looking young man, who, in white apron, with "bib" over his chest, and two large pockets at his sides, acted as my housemaid, and had just made up the chamber; for even at this day, while women are railway clerks and signal-men on the lines, the opposite sex make the beds and clean the chambers.

The *garçon* first stared, then rubbed his ear, and then, saying he was sure Madame could answer my question, he hastened away, and soon returned, to say that I could see the person I wanted at eleven o'clock the next morning at the church, where he always was at that hour.

Now, I had certain prejudices against foreign customs, and this proposal made to me by Madame, of going to church to meet the manufacturer of *bonbons*, did not fail to jar against one of them at least. To make a church a place of rendezvous might be quite French, but it ought not to be an English fashion. I therefore answered, perhaps with some little asperity:—

"No; I never go to church for such a purpose; besides, I must see him immediately—this very evening—and as quickly as possible."

"Does mademoiselle desire me to go to seek for him?"

"Yes. Here, give him this card, and say the English lady requests him to come to her without delay."

The young man almost snatched the card, in which I had written the name of the hotel, and number of my chamber, from my hand, and with a stare of his, expressive of a mercurial swiftness in executing my wishes he vanished, with such a look of anxiety and importance as made me think he believed his mission to be one of some mystery. He returned out of breath, wiping his forehead, and showing, by a hand spread out on his heart, how hard he had run.

"Mademoiselle, he comes!" was all he said.

The coming, however, was not so speedy. It was already evening: the prospect of my walk began to grow dim with its deepening shadows: youth is impatient and exacting: it did not appear to me reasonable that the *confiseur* might find some difficulty in leaving the sweets that surrounded him, in order to show me some of the other charms of his town. Hope, in fact, had almost given its last throb, when a low knock at my chamber door caught my ear. I was not quite sure it was a knock till it was repeated. Here he is at last, my rebounding heart said within itself; and I loudly and joyfully cried, first in English, then in French, "Come in!"—*Entrez*—and jumped to the centre of the room, to meet the good maker of *bonbons*.

To my astonishment, behold, a French priest, in curiously tucked-up cassock, with the immense and equally curiously fastened-up canonical hat in his hand.

There was a slight change in his countenance as he looked at mine; but he came towards me with a kindly, confidential, yet somewhat mystified air, placed a chair for me, and took one himself full before it; thus looking in my face, as if trying to read there something he had expected to find but did not. At last he says the words, "You are English, my child?"

"Yes, Monsieur," I answer, wondering what the good man could want.

"A Catholic, without doubt?"

I coughed: a sort of sensation, that was half of pleasure, half of fear, made me pause for an answer. All my life long, even in the earliest days of childhood that I remember, I had a longing desire to be a heroine. Now, thought I to myself, this desire may be accomplished. It was a very wrong, or, at least, a foolish thought, but I could not help fancying that I was to be made a heroine. That I was to be decoyed into a convent, that I was to undergo unheard-of persecution in order to turn me into a good Catholic; I really began both to hope and to fear, in a manner so strange and sudden, that I felt like one walking on the edge of a precipice, or the top of a house, or placed in some attitude where a sense of enjoyment mingles with a dread of broken bones. Vanity and fear nearly balanced the scales. I wished to be a heroine, but I had not courage to brave the Inquisition; and there was something in the inquiring gaze of the priest's eyes, that seemed to forewarn me that such courage might be wanted.

Coward that I was! such thoughts rushed with more than electric speed through a perplexed brain before I answered that grave question.

The priest, I dare say, understood my cough as the apology for an answer; for, in order to give me more time, he began to excuse his delay by informing me that he had been obliged to administer to a dying person before he could obey my summons, urgent as my case appeared. Now I stared, and with half-open mouth too: then faltered out a repetition of his words—"Obey my summons—urgent case!"

"You required my instant attendance, Mademoiselle?"

"Indeed I did not."

"You sent for me in urgent haste?"

"Indeed I did not."

"Not? how, am I then mistaken?" His eyes turned for a moment from my face to the number on my chamber door. "No, it is right, you see, Mademoiselle: this is your card;" he drew it from the great side-pocket of his black robe.

"O yes! that is my card; but it was sent to the *confiseur*."

"Well! behold him."

"The maker of *bon-bons*," I screamed.

"Par exemple!" cried the priest, springing from his seat. "Par exemple! the *confiseur*!—but Mademoiselle, you pronounce it *confesseur*. See now the difference. Par exemple! you wanted a maker of *bon-bons*, and they brought you a confessor—par exemple!"

"A confessor," I said to myself; "a *confesseur* instead of a *confiseur*!" Then, with a red face and a quivering lip, I said to him that I was very sorry I—I—in short, before I could say oh, my confessor and myself broke into a hearty laugh; all the mysticism and gravity vanished from his countenance. He said he would go and send to me the *confiseur*, whose services he believed I required just then rather more than those of the *confesseur*. I, in return, assured him the lesson he had given me in French pronunciation would make a more lasting impression on my memory than any I had received at the semi-continental establishment of Miss Tidy; and though I might secretly have felt somewhat mortified to find I was not to be an entrapped and persecuted heroine, I really believe the confessor and I parted quite as good friends as if the confession had been made which the poor man had come post haste to hear.

Madame—which term implies the hostess of the hotel—soon came to me with a face that told me she had heard and laughed at the blunder; but she twisted that expression into one of pathos and apology, assuring me it was neither my fault nor her fault that I had had a visit from a priest instead of a maker of sweets, but all the fault of that stupid *garçon*. "Mademoiselle spoke French perfectly—like a native of Paris, even; but such a head as that of his could not understand."

"Ah, Madame!" I replied, with the air of one who gains a hard-bought experience, "I see now it is absolutely necessary to learn to speak French in France. See now, Madame, I might have spoken French all my life in England, and never practically

have learned the distinction between *confiseur* and *confesseur*."

"In that case," said Madame, brightening up, "in that case, mademoiselle is content with her little experience. Au revoir."

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, G.C.B.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HERBERT D. EDWARDS, C.E.

ACCORDING to the Herald's College, the "Shilling Baronetage," and the "Court Journal," the name of the great man whose portrait we this week give to our readers is as long as follows—"Sir John Laird Mair Lawrence, Baronet, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and Member of Her Majesty's Privy Council;" and certainly this would be an immense "footprint" for him to "leave behind upon the sands of Time." The historian, coming on it at some future day, in a fossil state, would assuredly pronounce him to have been above the common height. And so far, well. But we doubt if the historian will ever find the footprint. For the voice of every Englishman in India rushes over it already, like a scornful wave, and blots out everything but plain JOHN LAWRENCE. Indeed, there is much reason to apprehend that even this much will never reach the darkest and largest half of posterity; for thirteen dusky millions of human beings in the Punjab persist in calling him JAS LARRIN, and have told the rest of India so. And so he will go down in Eastern song and story, let heralds and biographers in Europe spell as they will. So it ever is with really great men. We, in our gratitude, bind wreaths around their brows, heap titles on their heads, and fling heavy robes of office round their limbs; but they just shake themselves, and are *men* again.

The subject of our memoir is one of this stamp—emphatically a *man*; and it is with a real hearty satisfaction we bid our readers come with us, and look into his grand, grim countenance. Don't be in a hurry. Look at it well. There's much of the Sphinx in it. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, pic-nic-ing at the foot of the Pyramid, look up from a chicken pie, and say (in their slang way) that the Sphinx is "by no means beautiful." But the ages have seen a mystery and a power in that colossal face, and still come back to peer into its granite lines, and try to unroll the mummy spirit of the past. And here is a human face as full of meanings for us living men, embodying, as we think, the better spirit of our day—the spirit of work and duty. Let us unroll its history, as far as we know and understand it.

Sir John Lawrence is the fourth son of the late Colonel Alexander Lawrence, of Her Majesty's army, who gained some distinction in the Mysore campaign under Marquis Cornwallis. We have heard that, at the siege of Seringapatam, he volunteered into the "forlorn hope," and was left for dead on the breach, but was afterwards carried off by one of his own men. In the last years of his life he was Governor of Upton Castle. His wife (Sir John's mother) was a daughter of the late Rev. S. Knox, of the county Donegal. They had



John effe
John Lawrence

four other sons: General Alexander Lawrence, of the Madras Light Cavalry; General George St. Patrick Lawrence, of the Bengal Light Cavalry (once prisoner to the Afghans, and once to the Sikhs, and agent to the Governor-General of India in Rajpootana, during the mutiny of 1857), both of whom are still alive; the late illustrious Sir Henry, for whose fall in the successful defence of Lucknow every Englishman has mourned; and one younger than Sir John, Major Richard Lawrence, who is now Military Secretary to the Punjab Government. So we see here a father and five sons serving their country—all manfully, some grandly. And (though we don't see them) there were, the while, sisters doing womanly work, earnestly and bravely. In short, a great English family, though not in the "Peerage."

But to come back to John. We believe he was born on 4th of March, 1811, and was educated, for most part, at the High School of Derry, now called Foyle College, from the river up which came the Protestant ships, and smashed "the boom." The young Lawrences (between father and tutor and townsfellows) must have heard a good deal about stout historic sieges and battles for faith, in their early days.

One of their schoolfellows at this time was Sir Robert Montgomery, now Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, another battler for truth and right. An old friend in the East India Direction gave young John a civil appointment to India, then called a writership. But John's idiosyncrasy was military, and he would go to India as a soldier, or not at all. Happily, a soldier brother (Henry) at this juncture came home from India, sick with fever caught in the Burmese War. He had experience of things out there, and knew that "caste" was not confined to the Hindoos, but extended to official Christians. He showed how that cadets from Adiscombe belonged to the inferior military, or *Khishutree* caste; whereas writers from Haileybury were born *Brakmins*, the moment they set foot on that sacred Eastern shore. Right unselfishly did soldier elder brother Henry press this matter on embryo-civilian younger brother John; and at last, though hardly, with success. And so John went to Haileybury, and the stream of his life, where it falls into the sea, is called Governor instead of General. Curious things these turning-points, which some call accidents, but others, "Providence which shapes our ends, rough how them how we will."

In passing, we may tell all examiners that John Lawrence did nothing very great at Haileybury, but just elbowed his way through in a healthy, burly way; carrying along with him big fistfuls of history, political economy, law, and some few other matters he found there worth keeping.

Then off to India in 1829; and so life begins in earnest. Young civilians had their choice whether, after passing another college in Calcutta, they would go to the north-west provinces, remote and rough, or stay in Bengal Proper, near "The Ditch,"* and other luxuries. With true instinct, John Lawrence

chose the upper air, and has been working upward and onward ever since.

Strangely enough, his first post was assistant to the Resident at Delhi. Here he saw daily growing into strength the fortress, of which, in 1857, it would be his vast task to effect the fall. Here he began his career, bowing courtesies to Buladoor Shah, Emperor of Delhi, whom twenty-six years afterwards he must try for rebellion and murder, and find "guilty;" so ending the Mogul dynasty.

One of his brother assistants here was Charles Trevelyan, now Governor of Madras.

Soon he had to leave head-quarters at Delhi, and go out into the district; and it was there, away from all Europeans, thrown upon the natives for help, obedience, usefulness, success, and even sympathy, that the John Lawrence of great days was trained. He worked hard, and made his "Omluh"* do the same, ever on the watch to bar bribery, by being sole master in his own court. Then was his day of details—a day that comes once, and only once to all apprentices—and he seized it; laying up a store of knowledge of all kinds, official, revenue, judicial, social, agricultural, commercial; learning, in fact, to know the races which it was his lot to rule. Work over, out into the fields with horse or gun, for his strong frame and hardy spirit loved wild sports. But ever an eye to business: some jungle lair of cut-throats to be explored, some scene of crime to be examined by the way, some slippery underling to be surprised. And so home at sunset, with fine appetite for the simple meal which he eats who has others in the world to help. After that, more air, (for the nights are hot,) an easy chair outside in the bright moonlight, with our large John in it, without coat or waistcoat, and shirt sleeves up over his elbows, his legs on another chair, a bowl of tea by his side, and a tobacco weed in his mouth, smoking grandly; altogether much at home; a giant in the act of refreshment. One by one the grey-beards of the district drop in too; not particular in dress, but just as the end of the day left them; uninvited, but quite welcome; and squat Eastern fashion on their heels and ankles, in a respectfully feudal ring, about their Saxon Khan, each wishing "Peace!" as he sits down. A pleasant scene this, of human 'black and white mingling into grey under an Indian moon. The chat is all about the district and the people: by-gone traditions of its last conquest by the Moguls, and how they paralled it out to their great lords, who built those red-brick towers near the wells, still standing, though happily decayed by peace; the changes they've all seen since they were young; the beating of sword and spear into the ploughshare; the disappearance of that celebrated breed of long-winded horses, and increase of buffaloes; the capture, year by year, and one by one, of those renowned dacoits, of whom John himself rode down the last; the great famine, and which villages died off, and which lived through, as witness their present state, known to all sitting here; the debts and law-suits that grew out therefrom, and the endless case that's coming on in court to-morrow, about

* Defences thrown up at Calcutta against the Mahattas.

* Native functionaries.

which, John listening, picks up some truths, and so on till midnight, when, the air being cool enough for sleep, the white Khan yawns, and the dark elders take their leave, much content with this kind of Englishman.

This life lasted some ten years; and then came furlough "home," (meaning England,) where John, being now thirty, and always apt to use opportunities, did the best thing possible, and got the best of wives.

Then, after three years' holiday, mated and happy, back to India and usefulness.

Now the ground begins to heave under-foot. Troublous times are setting in. The winter of 1841-42 saw a British force of 5000 men, with thrice that number of camp-followers, cut to pieces between Cabul and Jelalabad; a disaster which, united with the inherent justice of the retribution, gave the first real blow to our prestige in India, and sounded the awful key-note of 1857. The gallant armies of Nott, Sale, and Pollock did indeed retrieve our military defeats in Afghanistan; but as they traversed the Punjab on their return, our officers were openly insulted by the Sikhs, who from that time forward began to meditate the invasion of British India.

In December, 1845, they burst across the Sutlej; a mighty army, not fewer, probably, than 100,000 men, disciplined by French and Italian adventurers, and in possession of more than 200 pieces of artillery. Lords Hardinge and Gough marched on them in haste, and in a campaign of sixty days, unequalled in British Indian annals for desperate resistance, defeated the Khalsa army in four pitched battles, captured their artillery, drove them through the waters of the Sutlej, and dictated terms of peace under the walls of Lahore. Not without loss, though! Six thousand men were killed and wounded on our side; and amongst the slain, GEORGE BROADFOOT, on whose tombstone a loving friend and comrade* has cut truthfully that he was "the foremost man in India!"

To replace him as agent to the Governor-General of India on the north-west frontier, and to take charge of the ceded territory between the Sutlej and Beas rivers, none were found so fit as two of our Lawrence brothers—Henry and John. Henry was then Resident at the court of Nepal; and now became (in addition to Governor-General's Agent) Resident at the Sikh capital. John, since his return from furlough, had been collector and magistrate in his old haunt, the Delhi division; and labouring, and learning, and doing, with all his might, (which was mighty,) he had risen honestly and dutifully to the very highest place in the list of the civil administrators of the north-west provinces. It was not indeed without a struggle that Mr. Thomason (then Lieutenant-Governor of the north-west) could be got to give him up; but the sea being bigger than the Ganges, John Lawrence was carried off like a cork on the spring tide of Lord Hardinge's "must!" And this is how John Lawrence came into the Punjab; not by patronage, not by favour, but by work—by conscientiously and persistently

doing his public duty. In passing, let it be recorded that the selection from the whole service, and recommendation to Lord Hardinge, of these two renowned Lawrence brothers was due to the discernment of Sir Frederick Currie, then foreign secretary, now member of the Indian council. May his counsel never grow less.

From 1846 to 1849, John Lawrence remained commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej states, (the rich Jalundhur Doab, and the hills adjoining, running up to the borders of Thibet; yielding a revenue of about £400,000 a year). His task was to change the entire system of government therein, from that of the Sikhs to that of the British, and thus incorporate the new territory with British India; and he effected it in these three years with masterly ability. In particular, he commuted the whole land-tax from payment in grain to payment in cash, in the face of native popular opinion, but to the ultimate satisfaction of the agricultural classes—a solid and substantial administrative triumph.

He was least successful in his dealings with the Jageerdars and other feudal chiefs; a criticism which may be more or less passed upon the whole of his subsequent career. It is one of those points in which the award will generally be given in favour of the elder brother as a ruler of Asiatics. But it must be admitted that no branch of Anglo-Indian government presents more serious difficulties than the question of what to do with the aristocracy.

In 1848 the turbulent Sikh army rose once more to try conclusions with the British soldier and the Hindostanee Sepoy; and to set this matter at rest, the Punjab, after another hard campaign, was annexed to British India in March, 1849. To rule this new province, a Board of Administration was formed by Lord Dalhousie, consisting of Sir Henry Lawrence as president, and his brother John, with, at first, Mr. Mansel, and afterwards, Mr. Montgomery, as members.

What had been done with the Jahundhur Doab in the last three years, had now to be done on a larger scale with the Punjab; and the generous policy of Sir Henry, by securing better terms for the chiefs, undoubtedly facilitated the very critical transition, and had a lasting influence in tranquillizing the province. By the close of 1852, all the vital questions of the change of government had been settled; and Sir Henry, having fulfilled the vocation which temperament and duty had alike imposed on him, withdrew from the presidentship of the Punjab Board, to become agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana.

Lord Dalhousie now broke up the Board of Administration, and gave the sole charge of the Punjab to Mr. John Lawrence, whose policy he felt to be in conformity with his own. This post of Chief Commissioner lasted more than five years. Four of them were spent in perfecting the organization of the civil government, and improving the military and political relations of the frontier. They were years of Herculean labour, not only to the Chief Commissioner, but to every man under him, high or low. Alone in responsibility, alone in power, John Lawrence bent the full force of his character and energies to the elaboration of a

* Brigadier Colin Mackenzie.

complete machine. Sure, never coachman sat firmer on the box, held reins tighter, drove straighter, or lashed his team more unflinchingly to speed, in this weary world of man-driving and evil roads! Alas for the toil and the sweat! Alas for the kicking, and jibbing, and panting, and mud flying everywhere! Alas for the ceaseless cracking of whips! Alas for the friction of hearts! But we need only pity the rulers—the whites. Well was it all for “the darkies”—the people. We doubt if India has ever seen a province with a civil government so strong, so simple, so wise, so moderate, so pure, so good to live under, as that of the Punjab. Honour, all honour, to coachman John; and honour, too, to the team who pulled the coach—who mayhap *would* have pulled it, had the whip gone under wheel, and no stimulus remained but a cheery, “Come up, my boys!”

It was at this time that, on the occasion of Lord Dalhousie leaving India, John Lawrence's great civil services were rewarded with the knighthood of the Bath. He was offered a baronetcy even then, but declined it with the simplicity and sense so strong in him, because he had no fortune to leave his son.

And now we come to those years of woe, 1857-58. The world has needed to know much about them, so we need say the less. Suffice it now, that 100,000 Sepoys revolted from the English rule, and set up again the Mogul dynasty of Delhi; that British India was convulsed from sea to mountain; that Delhi must be regained, or British India must be lost; that the Governor-General of India in Calcutta, and the Governors of Bombay and Madras, were cut off, and could give no help; that the recovery of Delhi depended on the Punjab; that the Punjab stood firm and faithful, poured down from hill and plain the flower of its native chivalry, and the flower of our generals, and with the best blood of both recaptured the historic capital of India; and that the then ruler of the Punjab was the man of whom we tell, JOHN LAWRENCE. Blue-books may say more or less; but there is the simple statement of the case, which no man can gainsay. For these services, such as few Englishmen have ever rendered to their country, Sir John Lawrence was, inch by inch, made G.C.B., a Baronet, Member of the new Indian Council, and lastly, Member of Her Majesty's Privy Council—the worthiest honour yet. And the East India Company, in one of its last acts of sovereignty, added (*out of the revenues of India*) a pension of £2000 a year for two lives.

The country at large does not consider that its great servant has been sufficiently rewarded—a piece of sentimental justice which is better than none. There are services, however, for which Sir John has been promptly and ungrudgingly honoured—his services to the cause of *Christianity as the principle of national life*. The “Times” of October 23rd, 1858, startled all England, by publishing at full length some minutes of Sir John Lawrence's, on “the Christian duty of this country, in the government of India.” They discussed many points of administration open to objection; but their utterance was most clear and

spirit-stirring on the old English subject of an open Bible. He stated that, in his judgment, “the Bible ought not only to be placed among the college libraries and the school books, for the perusal of those who might choose to consult it”—(as had hitherto been the *neutral practice*)—“but also it should be taught in class, wherever we have teachers fit to teach it, and pupils willing to hear it.”

Nor was this all. Sir John closed his despatch by as fine, manly, and English a confession of political faith as we know of in public records. The following extracts give the pith of it. “Sir J. Lawrence has been led, in common with others, since the occurrence of the awful events of 1857, to ponder deeply on what may be the faults and short-comings of the British as a Christian nation in India. In considering topics such as those treated of in this despatch, he would solely endeavour to ascertain what is our Christian duty. Having ascertained that, according to our erring lights and conscience, he would follow it out to the uttermost, undeterred by any consideration. If we address ourselves to this task, it may, with the blessing of Providence, not prove too difficult for us. . . . Sir John Lawrence does entertain the earnest belief that *all those measures which are really and truly Christian, can be carried out in India, not only without danger to British rule, but, on the contrary, with every advantage to its stability.*”

In boldly proclaiming these sentiments, Sir John Lawrence rendered an incalculable service to truth. There had never been a time when there was not in England “a remnant” who believed the same. But when they ventured to recommend these things to statesmen, they were told that they were fanatics—well-intentioned, no doubt, but still fanatics, who were utterly ignorant about India, and recklessly wanted to carry their miserable rushlight into the heart of an imperial magazine. To such arguments the religious community at home had been hitherto obliged to submit in silence. But now there had come an end of all that. The one governor in India who, in the fiery trial of 1857, had been found master of the occasion, and who, celebrated justly for many high and noble qualities, was celebrated above all for this, that he was *no enthusiast*, but rather a hard practical man, the sober genius of common sense—this oracle of official life had spoken from out of the very pigeon-holes of tradition, and declared it *safe* to do our duty.

Fifty, in acknowledgment of this service, did the Bishop of London, on the 24th of June, 1859, present to Sir John (now returned sick and worn to his native land) an address of congratulation, “signed by between 7000 and 8000 persons of education and position,” including “the names of 3 archbishops, 20 bishops, 28 temporal peers, 71 members of Parliament, and nearly 200 mayors and provosts of cities and boroughs in England and Scotland;” and we feel sure that Sir John himself, in his old age, will find no leaf of all his laurels more evergreen than this.

And here we leave our readers to ponder over our story of Sir John Lawrence; a man, in truth, not without faults; a man whom those who knew him best have wished less hard, more genial,

more full of sympathy; but, for all that, a great statesman, an unrivalled administrator, a colossal workman, a genuine Englishman, a brave Christian, a grand pillar of our country, and a glory to its public life.

A FIGHT OR A FEAST.

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

THE companions in arms of the great Duke are now fast disappearing. First scattered over the surface of the earth, they are now, except here and there a veteran, enshrined within its bosom. I would look back upon a very humble few of this disbanded host, almost all of them shadows at present, at the time when peace first broke them up, and half-pay had driven many of them abroad to economise their means, till they should be restored to active service. How distant that time appears now—the whole world has become so transformed since! Why, one seems in the retrospect to have outlived centuries. Steam and electricity have given, even to the middle-aged man, a kind of Methuselah longevity. He looks back to former things of his own experience as if centuries had intervened. To have so long survived a distinct period of time, illustrated by the brightest names, all gone “where the archangel’s trump, not glory’s, must awake them,” is, however, somewhat melancholy. But not to dwell on this thought, I turn to the sunny “lang syne,” which has suggested the saddening but not unpleasant reflection.

Some of the poorer half-pays of 1815, who had nothing but their half-pay to live upon, were among the first to discover the very little on which one may live decently abroad. Avoiding Paris and the great cities, they betook themselves mostly to little third-rate provincial towns in the south of France. Here an ensign’s guinea a week made him quite comfortable. He was richer than a French lieutenant on full pay, and than many civil officials in the provinces, moving in the best society. Besides, “economy is the life of the army,” and an old soldier knows how to practise it better than any man. He can do everything for himself: prepare his own breakfast, cook his own dinner, not only brush his own coat, but polish his own boots, and, if need be, darn his own stockings.

I had two companions with me when I embarked from London for Bordeaux. We were two ensigns and a lieutenant; but one of the ensigns had entered the service as a volunteer, and had seen many campaigns, so that he was an old soldier, though a young officer. We were all bent on economy, the French language, and adventure. We had but little money, and just as little French among us, only one of us being a thoroughly understandable Frenchman. But we were free from care, and full of buoyancy, and we made our little means do wonders. According to the rules and regulations made and provided on starting from England, our culinary capacities were put in requisition for our dinner daily, as we had determined to avoid the habitual frequentation of taverns. One of us soon became famous for a *pot au feu*, another for an *omelette*, and

a third for the more scientific operation of mixing a salad—a talent which, as he possessed it in an unrivalled degree of excellence, gained him afterwards, at Constantinople, the *soubriquet* among his friends of “Sultan Saladin,” a distinction of which he was not a little proud. And then it was altogether curious and admirable to behold with what a spruceness and dash an old soldier would turn out after going through all these interesting little domesticities. His carefully-preserved mufti suit had, to be sure, evidently, like himself, seen service, but it commanded, for the wearer’s sake, only the more respect on that account, for he knew how to put it on, and how to bear himself in it, in a style that no civilian could imitate.

Economising English families had already begun to gipay all over France. There were two or three of them in the neighbourhood of Montauban, about forty leagues from Bordeaux, where we took up our quarters. They were about £2000 or more a year people in England, where they were probably somewhat in debt, and they lived in voluntary exile, like magnifices among the natives, hardly expending the fourth of their income. We soon became acquainted with them, were the “oft invited,” and indeed, in a short time, indispensable to all their parties, promenades, and pic-nics. There is an old colonel now living, then one of the ensigns alluded to, who, should he chance to read these lines, will have reminiscences awakened, certainly of the pleasantest days of his life, for he will recollect his first meeting with his wife, L—, before he left France, and the mother of his large family. What a grand old gentleman of the olden school her father was—a fine specimen of a British sailor, and worthy to be, as he was, of the family of Nelson! How disinterested both he and her mother in giving away their charming and accomplished daughter, with no small dowry too, to a penniless ensign, who had nothing to recommend him but his frank manners, frank heart, and excellent character. Ah! those were pleasant times! I think I hear now the sonorous shout of welcome of old S—, which made his woods ring again when he saw any of us coming up his avenue; and how he scolded if he did not see at least one of us every day! Yet, in spite of his warm hospitality and of his excellent cheer, we sometimes regretted our *pot au feu* and *petit vin du pays*; for our whole previous plan of half-pay campaigning was completely *derouté*. French, and adventure, and pedestrian excursions, which we had proposed to make in all directions, were quite laid aside, for we had become *les amis de la maison*, *les enfans chéris* of certain of the landed aristocracy of England, who would have been to us, at home, at most approachable at a ceremonious dinner or a formal tea party. A circumstance, however, which had some fun in it, and which we have since afterwards told successfully as a rather good story, introduced us in a little time to some new acquaintances.

There was a French garrison at Montauban. In it there were a good many of Napoleon’s old officers. Now, the mind of every old soldier of the Empire was, just at this juncture, a perfect blister of irritation against the English. A sore recollection of

his country's defeats, and of our triumphs, met him at every turn; and our insular manner, prejudices, and pride—none of their repelling angularities being then at all softened down—greatly exasperated his acute susceptibilities to take offence. Other classes in France did not feel the French reverses in anything like the same degree. They had groaned under the imperial regime, and though of course they disliked the English, they were benefited by them; and, looking on them from a commercial point of view, were fully aware that English residents and travellers constituted the most profitable article of domestic commerce that had ever been known in their country. The *militaires*, however, for several years after Waterloo, felt a thoroughly unalloyed hatred towards the nation which had taken the lead in vanquishing and humbling their idol, and were particularly fierce and defiant towards the islanders, especially towards English officers. But it so happened that several of them were lodged in the house in which we had our apartment. We often met them on the stairs, when, curling their mustachios, and letting their sabres clank against the steps, they passed us with an air of superb disdain, which often at first provoked a like demonstration on our parts, generally expressed in a careless whistle, as if unconscious of their presence. Being, however, of the victorious party, we determined to be magnanimous, and to avoid in future everything in our manner that might give offence. This was not successful policy; it encouraged, instead of checking, the bravadoing airs of the Bonapartist heroes. Their mustachios were curled more fiercely, their sabres clanked more defiantly, an insolent stare being often fixed upon us at the same time, whilst the very delicate imprecations of *mille tonnerres, vos bif*, etc., were muttered audibly as they banged the door of their apartment after them, or strode into the street before us. It was indeed getting pretty evident that these *braves de l'Empire* were resolved to *venger l'honneur de la France* by seeking a quarrel with at least one of us. And we, on our part, thought it high time to bring matters to a crisis, and so put an end to those daily affronts, which were becoming too marked to be overlooked, when an incident occurred intended to provoke a challenge, which terminated as desired, though not exactly in the same sense, in giving *satisfaction* to all parties.

The house in which we lodged had six or seven windows in front. Three of these on the first floor belonged to our rooms, the others to those of the French officers. The weather being warm and fine, the windows were one morning, just after breakfast, all open, and we could very well hear anything noisy going on in each other's apartments. On the morning in question, whilst we were each indulging in a cigar, our after-breakfast talk—by the by, the pleasantest to an idle man in the whole twenty-four hours—was disturbed by what seemed to be a scuffle in our neighbours' rooms. Then there was a guffaw of gruff, rather suppressed, mischief-making laughter; then there lighted in our room, thrown with violence, something tied up in a piece of dirty paper. On opening it, we found

an enormous rat, and on the paper written, "Pour le diner des Anglais." Considering the antecedents of those from whom this amiable present of "small deer" came, there could be no doubt about its intention; and two of us were so hot in our resentment, that but few minutes would have elapsed before a most wrathful retort took place, had not the third, one of the coolest and most imperturbable old soldiers of the Peninsular army, interposed. He locked the door first, put the key in his pocket, and shut down the windows, that the explosion of our anger might neither find vent nor be overheard, when he very quietly said: "These are not such bad fellows after all. Their education has been neglected, poor fellows, that's evident; but we'll give them a lesson in politeness this morning, and dine with them this evening, or my name is not Mike Flannigan." Mike then proceeded, whilst carefully mending a pen, to dilate upon the essentially military virtue, as he called it, of gentlemanliness. "Never forget, boys, dignity and decorum. For my part, I could never with any satisfaction in life meet an enemy in battle without, if occasion served, showing him the most scrupulous courtesy and politeness. And mind, boys, no one but a brave man can be polite in the midst of danger; and, to my thinking, one who is not polite then is a poltroon." By this time his pen was nibbed, a sheet of the best gilt-edged note paper before him, and, mustering all his French to his assistance, Mike wrote as follows:—

"Messieurs les Anglais presentent leur compliments aux officiers Français, sont bien sensible de leur politesse, mais seront bien fâchés de leur priver de leur meilleur plat." (The English gentlemen present their compliments to the French officers, are very sensible of their politeness, but should be sorry to deprive them of their best dish).

This note, neatly folded, was sealed with the large coat of arms of the Flannigans—the last remaining heir-loom, the only surviving bit of family property, indeed, that Mike possessed. The "small deer" was then enveloped in a sheet of clean white paper, sealed up similarly, and the man-servant belonging to the establishment was summoned to take both to the French officers, with the compliments of the English gentlemen.

Up then went our windows, to hear the result. "Eh! mais mes amis nous avons faite une grande bêtise. Ma foi, c'est bien riposté. Nous avons en tort. Il faut faire l'amende, et sans hesiter. Peste! il n'y a pas a choisir"—(We have done a very foolish thing, friends; the retort is really good; we are in the wrong, and must apologise without hesitation. Bah! there's no avoiding it)—were the words we heard; and a minute or two afterwards, *entre* to a rap at our door brought before us the three culprits, who had so often curled their mustachios at us, with apologies so frank and hearty that we became friends with them in a moment, and accepted, fulfilling Mike's prophecy, to his great delight, their invitation to dine with them on that day; for, said they, "the honour of the *cuisine Française* is at stake, and it is therefore incumbent on us to efface for ever from your minds as speedily as possible,

the impression you seem to entertain with respect to our best dish."

And thus a soft answer turned away strife, and led to "a feast instead of a fight."

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

How to provide larger sources of remunerative employment for females is one of the most important and difficult social problems of the day. A few general remarks will serve to bring the actual state of the question before our readers. For the present practical purpose, the subject will be much simplified by first referring to the two largest departments of female occupation—Manufactures and Domestic Service.

In many parts of the kingdom, special branches of manufacture give employment to most of the surplus female population. In Lancashire there are 120,000 young women employed in the cotton manufacture alone. In Dundee the whole population, in 1851, was 79,000, of which 43,500 were females; and of these above 11,000 were employed in the linen manufacture alone, or more than a fourth of the whole females of all ages in the town. At Coventry in the ribbon trade; at Nottingham in the lace trade; in Bedfordshire in the straw-plait manufacture; and so with other districts, ample employment is found for female hands. The extent of this employment is regulated by the laws of supply and demand, and the ordinary principles which regulate manufacture and trade.

The same laws of supply and demand regulate the extent of employment in domestic service. There is no risk of this market for female labour being overstocked. The difficulty of finding good servants is a matter of constant complaint. Even if every family in this country were supplied, there is ample room in the British Colonies for any number of female domestics. Besides the immediate advantage of high wages, the prospect of marriage and comfortable settlement is much better there than at home. From every one of the British Colonies the reports agree that female servants are in demand, so much so that shiploads of young girls from the Irish workhouses have been rapidly absorbed among the colonists. Well-trained English girls would be preferred if they could be obtained, and we therefore point out, in passing, a truly useful field for benevolent exertion—the training of young girls, whether in workhouses or in private institutions, in all branches of common domestic labour. There are more nursery governesses, ladies' maids, housekeepers, and upper domestic servants than required, but there is a constant and increasing demand for working servants, and no young woman who is steady and industrious, and who has obtained some previous training, need find difficulty in obtaining a comfortable home and regular employment.

We may, therefore, dismiss from view these two great departments of female occupation—manufactures and domestic service. The greatest pressure and real difficulty remains, in regard to females of somewhat higher grades in the social scale. The

following are the chief modes of occupation at present available:—

1. Professional employment; including authors, artists, teachers, and governesses. There is certainly not much scope for increased employment in this direction. The prizes are few, the blanks many; and the miserably small remuneration of the majority thus employed proves that professional occupation is overstocked. Without very superior talents, or personal advantages, or special patronage, a life of penury and dependence must be the lot of most who look to professional employment. Delusive ideas of "gentility" urge multitudes thus to seek occupation, who might otherwise obtain positions of comfort and independence.

2. Business employment, including assistants and saleswomen in shops. For young persons who are healthy, active, with good manners, and bringing good recommendations, there is seldom much difficulty in getting this kind of employment; but the competition is keen among those with inferior qualifications. With present prejudices and present usages, however, the work of retail shops being chiefly performed by men, there is not large scope for increased female occupation in business. The larger share in retail trade, taken by women in France and other countries, proves that the objections to their employment in this country are unfounded. But this is an improvement that can only be gradually introduced, through the influence of public opinion, and by the secession of "men-milliners" to more creditable and manly occupations.

3. Needlework of various kinds. In private life, the needle is the symbol of female industry and thrift, of comfort and elegance. It is far otherwise in social economy as an instrument of trade and gain. "Distressed needlewomen" are words proverbial of toil and poverty. This is true, whether of plain or of fancy work. Every department of work in which the needle is the chief tool is overstocked. The use of sewing machines will render needlework a still more precarious mode of subsistence.

4. Special branches of industrial labour. Besides the great manufactures of the country, there are many branches both of useful and ornamental art and manufacture, employing numerous hands. Of this kind are bookfolding and stitching, artificial flower making, ornamental paper work, and many others. Changes of fashion, and varieties of taste, may give rise to increased demand for certain kinds of work from time to time; but there is certainly not room for additional hands, to any large extent, in the regularly established branches of manual industry—at least, not beyond the extra number required to meet the extension of trade with the enlarging population.

Other branches of female industry at present available are too insignificant to be taken into account. Everywhere the pressure of overstocked occupations is indicated by the hardships, the poverty, and worse calamities, in which numbers are immersed. Hence the importance of endeavouring to open up new fields of female employment. We shall soon return to this subject.

VARIETIES.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.—Addison, in 1707, thus wrote of the state of England:—"It may be worth while to consider whether the military genius of the English nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferior to that of our neighbouring states, if it hath no occasion to exert itself. Minds that are altogether set on trade and profit often contract a certain narrowness of temper, and at length become incapable of great and generous resolutions. Should the French ever make an unexpected descent upon us, we might want soldiers of our own growth to rise up in our defence, and might not have time to draw a sufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of Germany."

THE JOY OF A DISCOVERER.—Hugh Miller, after relating some of his early researches on the Old Red Sandstone, concludes with the following beautiful description of the scene, and of his own feelings:—"I set myself carefully to examine. I wrought on with the eagerness of a discoverer, entering for the first time a *terra incognita* of wonders. I had got into a different world, and among the remains of a different creation; but where was the proper place in the scale? I was struck, as I well might, with the utter strangeness of the forms. All together excited and astonished me. . . . I wrought on till the advancing tide came splashing over the nodules, and a powerful August sun had risen towards the middle sky. And were I to sum up all my happier hours, the hour would not be forgotten in which I sat down on a rounded boulder of granite by the edge of the sea when the last bed was covered, and spread out on the beach before me the spoils of the morning."

HOP, STEP, AND JUMP.—At standing hop-step-and-jump, level ground, ten yards is good—eleven excellent—and twelve the extent of any man's tether. We have heard of thirteen, but do not believe it. With a run, thirteen yards is good, fourteen great, and fifteen prodigious. Perhaps there are not six authenticated cases on record of fifteen being done on level ground, and by actual admeasurement. All guess-work exploits shrivel up a good yard, or sometimes two, when brought to the measure, and the champion of the country dwindles into a clumsy clodhopper. Ireland, it is said, did sixteen yards on Knavesmire before he was known to the world; and indeed was noticed by some Londoners on that occasion, and brought forward at the amphitheatre. He was the best leaper, both high and far, that ever jumped in England; and take him for all in all, it is certain we shall never look upon his like again.—*Professor Wilson.*

THE LATE LORD ELLESMERE AND THE WORSLEY COLLIERS.—In 1842, when the operatives throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire were endeavouring to induce the workmen in the other mines and factories of the district to join in disturbances, they appealed to the Worsley colliers, who promptly resisted the combination. In an address which they forwarded to their employer, the late Lord Ellesmere, they strongly expressed their attachment to him, and concluded in these words:—"With the voice of one man, we declare our design to defend your honour and all in connection with you." Lord Ellesmere had simply been a good master, and had exerted himself to improve the moral and physical condition of those whom Providence had placed under his charge. The address of his workpeople was but the natural response of human hearts touched by kindness and gentleness. So it was understood by Lord Ellesmere, who said in his reply: "It cannot be too widely known how liberally the working-classes of this country are disposed to reward with their goodwill and affection those to whom, rightfully or wrongfully, they attribute similar feelings towards themselves."

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—During the past year the life-boats of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, at various points of our coasts, were actively called into operation on fifty-six different occasions. The result has

been that one hundred and thirty-four lives were saved off twenty-three wrecks, besides assisting five vessels safely into port. Nearly all the services took place in stormy weather and heavy seas, and often in the night; and, we are happy to add, without a single accident.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S ESTIMATE OF MILITARY GLORY.—Nineteen long letters from Lord Ellenborough! He has made me Governor of Scinde, with additional pay; and he has ordered the captured guns to be cast into a triumphal column, with our name. I wish he would let me go back to my wife and girls, it would be more to me than pay, glory, and honours. This is glory! is it? Yes. Nine princes have surrendered their swords to me on the field of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me and attached to my own country. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it, that, the moment I can, all shall be resigned to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honour or riches repays me for absence from them. Otherwise, this sort of life is life to me; is agreeable, as it may enable me to do good to these poor people. Oh! if I can do any good thing to serve them where so much blood has been shed in accursed war, I shall be happy. May I never see another shot fired! Horrid, horrid war! Yet, how it wins upon and hardens one when in command. No young man can resist the temptations, I defy him; but thirty and sixty are different.—*The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier.*

HOW TO PROSPER IN ALL THY WAYS.—Daniel was a busy statesman. Darius had made him his chief minister. He had charge of the royal revenue, and was virtual ruler of the empire. But amidst all the cares of office, he knelt upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. For these prayers nothing was neglected. The administration of justice was not standing still; the public accounts did not run into confusion; there was no mutiny in the army, no rebellion in the provinces, from any mismanagement of his. Even his enemies said, "We shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." He found leisure to rule the realm of Babylon, and leisure to pray three times a day. Some would say that he must have been a first-rate man of business to find so much time for prayer. It would be nearer the truth to say, that it was his taking so much time to pray which made him so diligent and successful in business. It was from God that Daniel got his knowledge, his wisdom, and his skill. This was the secret of his being found by the king ten times better than all the wise men that were in all his realm. The man must be busier than Daniel who has not time to pray, and wiser than Daniel who can do what Daniel did without prayer to help him.—*Life in Earnest.*

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.—The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost vertical at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night in different seasons the southern cross is erect or inclined. It is a timepiece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a-day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, "Midnight is past; the cross begins to bend!" How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the sources of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time; and when the old man, at the sight of the southern cross, warns them that it is time to separate!—*Humboldt.*